

## "Where the fun begins"



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*When submitting articles, stories and event listings they must be signed. Please identify places, persons or events in photos. Classified ads must have sellers name, price and contact number.*

Send to:

[memcom@gmail.com](mailto:memcom@gmail.com)



**Editor's Comments**

Greetings fellow members, the Junior Program plays a crucial role in our Club's structure, as it serves as a gateway to introduce young individuals to the world of sailing. Through this program, we have witnessed many youths return later in life and become valuable members of our Club. We are currently seeking a parent who can undertake the role of the Chairperson of the Junior Committee. If you are interested in this position, please reach out to Lorie Kruse, the current Chairperson, the Harbormaster, or myself. Thank you for your attention.--

SSC 90<sup>th</sup> Anniversary **Fast Fun Facts** #1 Pam Wright

These Fast Fun Facts are a result of the reporting in Docktalk in 2003. The club was celebrating the 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary.

**Announcement:** (February, 2003) The office now has gate openers for the front gate. The openers are \$35 or you may borrow one to program its code into your vehicle.

**Announcement:** (February, 2003) Harbor dredging subcommittee to be established. Committee should have continuity of membership and expertise.

**Article:** (May, 2003) Harbor and Facilities: Roof replacement. Received one bid of \$28,700. Committee would like to see a new A/C unit before installation of roof. Also, asking for duct-work into the kitchen and the boardroom.

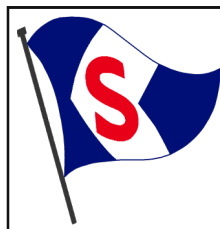


**In Memoriam**

Another Long time member and Past Commodore, Mike Stefani has moved on to sail with the angels.

**This Month's Cover**

Photo from Spring Race by Jill Humphreys, "How to go upwind and downwind at the same time"



**Stockton Sailing Club**  
 4980 Buckley Cove Way.  
 Stockton, CA 95219  
 Office: 209-951-5600 Fax: 209-951-5649  
 Club House: 209-473-4450 LTS: 209-951-5690  
[www.stocktonsc.org](http://www.stocktonsc.org)





The Medallions are back! All participants in the 2023 Delta Ditch Run will receive a 2023 Medallion.



## SSC 2023 Regatta Schedule Download: Course Sheet

March  
8 Fleet Night  
11 Long Distance #1  
18 Spring Series #1 – 1 Race Scheduled

April  
1 Spring Series #2 – 2 Races Scheduled  
15 Spring Series #3 – 1 Race Scheduled  
29 Spring Series #4 – 2 Races Scheduled

May  
6 Double-Handed Race #1  
20-21 Founders Regatta

June  
3-4 SSC/RYC Delta Ditch Run  
7 Wednesday Night Race  
8 Dinghy Series  
10 Spring Series #5 – 1 Race Scheduled  
11 Race of Champions  
14 Wednesday Night Race  
16-18 South Tower Race  
21 Wednesday Night Race  
24 Single-Handed Race  
28 Wednesday Night Race

July  
5 Wednesday Night Race  
12 Wednesday Night Race  
13 Dinghy Series  
15 Long Distance Race #2  
16 Jack & Jill Race  
19 Wednesday Night Race  
26 Wednesday Night Race  
29 Double-Handed Race #2

August  
2 Wednesday Night Race  
5-6 Overnight Race  
9 Wednesday Night Race  
10 Dinghy Series  
16 Wednesday Night Race  
23 Wednesday Night Race  
30 Wednesday Night Race

September  
9 Fall Race #1  
9 Regatta Awards BBQ

October  
7 Fall Race #2

November  
4 Fall Race #3

December  
2 Fall Race #4





Stockton Sailing Club

# Ladies Luncheon

**Cruise the Delta**

**"Mediterranean Style"**

**May 13, 2023**

11am-2:30pm

**\$25.**

**Mediterranean cuisine catered courtesy of Jay Bell.**

**Entertainment by "Asia and the Chimera Dancers"**

**Contact the Office to reserve a seat, no walk-ins accepted**

**More Information: Harbormaster 209-951-5600 [www.stocktonsc.org](http://www.stocktonsc.org)**

*Stockton Sailing Club 4980 Buckley Cove Way Stockton Ca 95219*

*Hosted by the "Mermaids" Elizabeth, Faye, Ruth, Suzanne and Tina*

*Stockton Sailing Club*

*"where the fun begins"*

# Free Sailboat Rides

Opening Day on the Delta—Open to the Public



## Saturday April 22

### Open House plus Arts & Crafts Show

Admission is FREE

8-10 AM Outdoor Swap Meet

8-9 AM Breakfast

10-5 PM Outdoor Arts & Crafts Show/Venders (setup anytime after 8am)

12-1 PM Lunch

1-4 PM Free Sailboat Rides (show up between 12-3pm, last boarding is 3pm)

1-4 PM Free Vessel Safety Checks Coast Guard, Sheriff , Fire Dept.

1-4 PM Face Painting, Kids Games

4 PM Blessing of the Fleet

5 PM BBQ Ribs - Open to the Public "Bring Your Friends"

Everyone is invited to show or sell at the Arts & Crafts Show/Venders or the Swap Meet  
Go online or click the QR to reserve your spot for Arts & Crafts Show/Vender



QR - Click to Reserve Spots

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# Delta Ditch Run

## 32nd Anniversary June 3, 2023



[www.stocktonsc.org/ddr](http://www.stocktonsc.org/ddr)

*Glory Days, yeah they'll pass you by. Bruce Springsteen*

## Celebration of a Sailor in the Retreat, April 15, 2023

We pass through our glory days, elated in a dull stupor of self-satisfaction, smugly self-assured we somehow deserve the moments unfolding. We may feel we are (were) fully present in those special moments but simultaneously we are nurturing our expectations of living towards something even better. More glorious moments to come. A bottomless box of Good & Plenty.

Years later, propped up in a wheel chair or hydraulic hospital bed, awaiting our meds as our minimum wage attendant is playing Farmville on her phone while hiding out in the linen closet, we become resigned to the routine in the Care Home to which our kids swore we would never be subjected. Then there is plenty of leisure to ignore or answer the questions: Was I as appreciative as I should/could have been of those Glory Days as they were unfolding? Would it be self-indulgent to wander down memory lane one more time, at least as far as the Corridor of Serendipity then turn back before reaching the Alley of Stupidity?

Of course looking back with rose-tinted hindsight can be misleading. It may well be those Glory Days were mundane. Mundane as the repeated recitations of the events, to anyone who will listen, render them. And it may well be our Glory Days were fairly pedestrian. They could even be banal and yet recalled fondly for some sentimental reason. But, consider something much, much worse.

The Care Home attendant is late with your pain meds. She's back in the linen closet, trying different filters, readying some selfies for her Only Fans promo page. And you, poor, sheltered, cautious, survivor of almost endless ennui, have no Glory Days to reflect on...none at all! Nary a one. You must content yourself with whiling away your dwindling days. The long delays in getting some of that expensive care rapidly consuming your last pile of acorns, squirreled away when times were better, aggravate your longing for the end. Pressing the buzzer repeatedly to summon some draught to sink you Lethe-wards, with the other hand and a practiced sigh you turn up the volume on the Wheel of Fortune rerun channel and try to guess the year Van-na was sporting that get-up. And during the long, inexorable but oh-so-slow descent into that goodnight, the portrait of ourselves, tucked away under a tarp in the attic of our mind, remains unchanged and forever vital.

Yet there is a strong light at the end of that dark, narrowing tunnel! And it is not from the blast of a discharged defibrillator across your chest and cerebral cortex. As Springsteen's song emphasizes, there is confirmation of the quality, durability and ineffability of our memories, sharing them with those who also experienced them. There is a calm, cold comfort, a sort of uncommonly common sense, knowing your rosy outlook on aspects of the past is not only verified but validated by others who shared and contributed to making a portion of life event(s) so special.

The intention of this notice is to alert others to just such an opportunity. An opportunity to reminisce and respond to a fellow sailor's call for Sea Room!, as he tacks to lay the mark known as Heaven. If you sailed or raced with Larry Hopkins or raced against him, please mark your calendar for April 15. Larry Hopkins, who opened many doors for me, including the Members Only entrance to the SSC clubhouse, will be there in memory. Especially if you bring one.

If you knew Larry Dean Hopkins and would like to reflect on some Glory Days you shared with a great

sailor and a pretty darn adequate human being, please join us for a gathering of the usual suspects (family, friends, recent parolees, future ex-wives, unindicted co-conspirators, grandpas by subpoena, recovering alcoholics and those just getting back up to speed for a relapse etc ) in the SSC Retreat from 1500 to sunset and evening star. If you have a memory you would like to share, a Glory Day reminiscence of Larry, please help us confirm how glorious it can be, reaffirming the Glory Days, especially in rose-tinted hindsight. I'll go first and perhaps toggle a few synapses for you.



Below is a severely abridged version of chapter one of my next book, *Larry Hopkins, Glory Days Sailing* (working title) to provide you some references. The (much) longer version, along with chapters 2 through 5, will be available for more leisurely perusal, to those so inclined, at the Celebration of a Sailor event. For those of you only interested in your own (alleged) Glory Days, you have gleaned the most important part of this missive and can conclude your reading here and save some time. Better yet take the time you save and create your own fresh, new Glory Day for future appraisal.

### Larry Hopkin's Glory Days Sailing

Larry Dean Hopkins 1944 – 2023 Chapter 1 Audacious Beginnings

Larry was born on June 6, 1944, which a few people alive today will recall as D-Day. An auspicious, maybe it can be said an audacious, beginning date for our story. But our audience is predominately, if not exclusively, sailors. Also our protagonist has passed on from cardiac arrest brought on by Parkinsons, which, as Norm MacDonald claimed of his cancer diagnosis, Larry courageously fought to a draw on January 23, 2023. And here a tip of the hat to Rock Steady Boxing which made possible a few extra rounds to the final fight.

Using the old Greek precedent, *in media res*, we are going to fast forward through all those boring years of infancy, childhood, adolescence, military academy, singing in the choir, idle youth, wretched excesses of early adulthood, starter marriage, divorce, angst riddled soul-searching and get directly to the interesting part, the sailing part. It is in the title, right? In fact that was just enough fast forwarding to set our stage. Will someone turn down the lights, please?

If we could ask Larry Hopkins about his Glory Days Sailing, most likely the very first thing that would come to his mind would be time served on the quarter-tonner, Rolling Stone. I am sure of this. He often spoke of his time as crew, racing on the Bay on that legendary one-off design. He always told the same story with the same fresh intensity, as if he were telling of something that occurred yesterday. His accounts would always be prefaced with, "When I was racing on the quarter-tonner, Rolling Stone...." and then he'd relate some incident or situation only young men, who believe they are invulnerable, find themselves somehow surviving, often only by luck.

Larry did a lot of racing in the bay area and at some point he took psychological ownership of Rolling Stone. When the boat was sold, containerized and shipped off to Europe, Larry gave up on his hopes of acquiring the boat. (Much later in life, during a period of relative affluence, he made an attempt to recover that lost talisman of a sequence of Glory Days but it was not to be.) Instead he bought and campaigned a Gladiator. He did speak fondly of the boat and his adventures cruising and racing on the bay but never in the reverential tones he reserved for, "When I was racing on the quarter-tonner, Rolling Stone...".

Larry was sought out and always in demand as crew. He knew about getting around a race course on anything propelled by wind. Like many a sailor of that era he made an extended diversion into what was then termed Windsurfing. In the early years the Windsurfer brand was your only choice. The company zealously guarded their patents and stifled competition for about a decade. Then at some point Larry got a ride on a Hobie cat. He dropped the curved mahogany Windsurfer boom, well, like it was hot. The next day he acquired a "pretty beat Hobie Cat with decent sails" and began a rapid rise through the very large fleet to become the Northern California Hobie Fleet Commodore in the Folsom Lake area.

His, at-that-time-possibly-future wife tells of an early date when she was in the diaper, trapezed out on a flying hull, racing along the Lake Donner waterfront. "The Hobie capsized very slowly and I was tossed into the water. Larry was yelling at me to hurry up and do this and that. He never asked if I was hurt or even if I wanted to go on. He insisted we act quickly and get back into the race. I'm cold, wet, disoriented and thinking, do I want to spend more time with this guy? Is there a future here?" Well of course there was! But those Glory Days are a topic for another time, author and audience. Suffice it to say, long before he took me under his wing, Larry was a confident and determined competitor. The same level of commitment to winning was expected for any and all crew.

During a stint in the US Army reserves (Vietnam and the draft made for such a choice), Larry was employed as an elementary school teacher but moonlighted teaching sailing. His first lesson, he told me, was always the same and occurred in the parking lot, far from the boats. I heard the story many times.

"I'd tell 'em, 'Close your eyes, spin around a couple of times until you can feel the breeze on your face. Then point at where the wind is coming from and keep following the changes until I tell you to open your eyes.' It was pretty funny when I'd tell them to open their eyes and they saw how many opinions there were on something so obvious. But it did reveal who would do well in the class and who would require some extra attention."

By about 1979 or so, more or less fed up with the life of genteel poverty as a teacher, Larry and Donna, towing a Hobie Cat, set out for

Texas where Larry joined his brother's construction company. Nearby Lake Amistad, a huge lake with one shore in Texas but the other in Mexico, was Larry's new aquatic playground. It was not uncommon to sail over to the 'other side' for the day and even stay overnight. As the narco-wars escalated in earnest, that way got to be an ever more dubious gamble. With the future welfare of little kids to consider he began looking for a more conventional boat. Yes, by now two little girls, first Jenny then Becky, had been press-ganged onto the roster of potential crew. But I digress. Let's get back to the important stuff as defined in the title of this article.

Eventually Larry came across a "project" Cal 27. That project was due to tornado damage and some seasons of neglect. Parked in his back yard, working around the trailer, Larry slowly put the boat back together. It had a tiny one-lung inboard engine you could take apart with a pair of pliers and a screwdriver (well almost) and put back together with maybe some new rubber bands to get it working again. (I am kidding but only a little.) A recalcitrant motor and a persistent fuel leak were perhaps the only fly in the ointment that became Whisper. For Larry, for many years, Whisper salved that scar left on our racer psyche when we choose a boat we can both race and cruise but always turns out, ultimately, to be the best compromise we could afford.... or justify.

By 1986, family heading into the school years and construction on the wane for the time in Texas, it looked like California was the place to be and so, loading up a household, towing a Cal 27 and a Hobie Cat, the young family retraced the parent's earlier route, eventually settling in Manteca. The girls entered school and Larry began his own contracting business. The Hopkins family joined the SSC and slipped Whisper on D dock for many years. Whisper was the go-to option for the family with weekend outings often introducing the girl's friends to the sport. Donna was always leery of anything more than 2 degrees of heel but daughter Jenny campaigned Whisper in an SSC spring series for her senior project at Manteca High. Becky crewed for her and Larry was one proud coach. Larry also revived Whisper for one last Ditch Run just prior to turning the old girl over to a new owner. Larry raced and cruised with his family, but was always drawn to high performance sailboats like "When I was racing on the quarter tonner, Rolling Stone." But he was always willing to help others learn to get more out of their boats. I have personally witnessed Larry giving due diligence assisting the new owner of an ancient Reinell as well as other, sundry, better-found but still dog-slow craft.

With visions of Rolling Stone perpetually fresh, Larry logged much time racing on American Eagle, Frank and Linda Purdy's Petersen 34. Linda is Larry's sister and a formidable competitor in her own right. More on that in a later chapter in the proper order. It was when Larry began crewing in the spring series on John Hollenbeck's, Audacious, his Moore 24, our paths began to converge. A friend of Larry's, an Olympic level gymnast was the third Audacious crew member. His prodigious upper body strength and agility enabled him to work end-to-end pole jibe magic on a pitching foredeck. He could be counted on for a quick and consistent "Made!". Many, many trips to the podium were recorded.

But then the gymnast went on to other things. I was recruited by Larry as potential crew. All this a result of our very chance meeting and most probably a dearth of other possible candidates. Then as now, recruiting another captain's crew was frowned on so you inevitably cast a much wider net to include candidates like myself; folk who may not have thought much about racing but were basically ambulatory, capable of swimming if need be. A predilection for alcoholism a bonus.

My first day we took the Moore out for a shakedown trial of some new sails. Unbeknownst to me I was auditioning for the recently vacated role of foredeck auteur. I had never flown anything other than an actual kite so a crash course in Spinnaker 101 was in order. I quickly realized, Larry was the sailing mentor who had been destined for me all along. He had the patience to explain things clearly but usually not more than once or twice. Over the years Larry would often dismiss potential crew after a tryout with the complaint. "He has to be retrained after ever tack!" Larry made exceptions for me in that regard, knowing I made up in enthusiasm and contrition for what I lacked in experience. But I believe we both knew the student was ready and finally the master had appeared.

Larry really knew what to tweak to make a boat perform. He could 'shift gears' as the prevailing conditions changed and get the most out of blown out sails. He knew how to get the most out of whatever resources were at hand, including crew. Many people will recall sailing with Larry as they built their confidence to maybe do a beer can race. The slightly incredulous refrain from these folks back at the bar would go like this: "We were just holding our own in the middle of the pack and all of a sudden Larry say's 'Tack now.' We did and on the next tack we were ahead of most of the boats! How did he know?" Well that was what I was studying up close and I embraced every opportunity to learn.

Under Larry's tutelage, and taking full advantage of John Hollenbeck's large disposable income, the Moore 24 became ever more optimized but, in my assessment, it was Larry who made us consistently fast. We were invariably in the right place at the start and usually in the best place at the finish. I did not make too many mistakes and very seldom were we further back than third. I did not then appreciate how long it takes to get the skills to make it look easy. As a walk on, I had scored a part in an Oscar level production. I am still working at



acquiring the skill to make it look easy! Very formidable sailors at the SSC provided for a steep learning curve for me.

Audacious was John's boat. All the dollars invested were John's, but Larry was the driver. Not just at the helm, but at tactics, logistics, making sure crew was fed and hydrated, and intuitively responding to conditions unfolding ahead as well as on board. We raced a lot. A long distance race in those days would have a noon start but the turning mark might be a tower of the Antioch Bridge. It was on one such race, trimming the jib by shining a flashlight on the telltale, full moon bouncing off the water, Larry and John pointed out the spot near False River where they had ripped the bottom out of Audacious on a partly submerged barge. "That happened on a night just like this one!" they assured me. It was exciting! Not really reassuring, but exciting.

Of course there were two versions of how that sinking occurred and who was at fault. Mercifully, I have forgotten the details. More likely I wasn't really listening. It was the tone of their banter and the candor of each counter-allegation that I found amusing. Hollenbeck was a very funny guy as was Larry. Together they had enjoyed many miles on troubled water under many bridges. Larry was also Hollenbeck's contractor so arguing over costs, responsibilities and how best to proceed had given them much practice in disagreeing.

I was on Audacious for a couple of Frank's Tract regattas. For the first one Larry and I towed Audacious behind Whisper and then towed her back after the races. That weekend, the sailing gospels according to Hopkins really commenced to convert me. Prior to that I was a cruiser who raced if I could get a ride. That weekend I became a racer who cruised when no race was available and started thinking about campaigning my own boat.

In that era the Frank's Tract regatta was conducted not on the river but over the large sunken island which is now choked with water plants and duck blinds. My conversion to racer, like so many men before me, was hastened by my families increasing reluctance to spend much time on our boat and even less when it was actually under sail. Larry provided me not only the opportunity to 'learn the ropes' but to get out a lot more often in pleasant, civil company. And an unexpected bonus was sailing with folk who enjoyed it start to finish. Larry also represented a good model of the Corinthian Spirit. I came to believe, with Larry, that sail boat racing is really the sport of kings, all contrary claims by those horsey folks aside. Chivalric conduct may have its sobriquet from the horse owning class, but the principles, attitudes and ethics of chivalry are embedded in the Corinthian Spirit.

Larry showed me running a winning boat was not about deciding when to switch to Dynema. Knowing the rules, sailing to the rules, taking good care of the crew, respecting competitors, even aiding competitors to help them become more competitive, is as much a part of sailing at a high level as winning. If you cannot win with grace, panache and gratitude for all the participants, especially the folks on the platform, you are really a loser with a trophy for something you do not understand. Larry and I developed a firm friendship because we embraced those Corinthian values.

Slowly, but with the perseverance and dogged determination I have used over a life time compensating for my lack of basic intelligence, I learned to see a bit of what Larry could foresee; and all whilst racing to get something we loved to do over and done with as quickly as possible. We got to a point where we worked well together, anticipating and avoiding problems and not merely taking advantage of competitor mistakes. Larry could be difficult, stubborn, profane, profligate, frugal and wrong but in these areas I was already a past master and he may have been surreptitiously studying me.

Our friendship was forged in many fires but the very best and repeated hammerings occurred on the anvil of racing. If my sailing form today in any way resembles Larry's, it is partially due to my self-inflicted beatings to correct my course and become as adept as my mentor. Who I am, particularly as a sailor but also as a pretty simple human being on much the same quest we all pursue, is due to the fact Larry took me under his wing as a friend. He molded me in the same manner an older brother will influence a younger. Thankfully, he was more than a simply competent role model. Thankfully too, we never had to deal with the fist-fighting part real brothers cherish when recounting their Glory Days.

And yet there would be days when.....

End of Chapter 1.

To be continued in: Chapter 2 Positivitation in the bones.




**G**rab your friends and join us for our great Adult Learn to Sail programs. After completing the course you may want to crew with us during Wednesday night races, attend a club meeting or Friday night dinner to understand more about the activities and benefits of our club or buy a boat and secure a slip at our marina. Whatever your goal, you'll find that the learning and friendships do not stop with the completion of the class. We invite you, will help you, and welcome you to join us in our fun! We offer many different memberships options. All memberships allow you to check out and use our club owned boats.




[www.stocktonsc.org](http://www.stocktonsc.org) 209-951-5600

**Keel Boat**  
**3 hour Adult Introduction to Sailing Classes**  
**June 17-18**  
**\$40.**  
**Morning or afternoon class each day**  
**9am to 12noon or 1:00pm to 4pm**

  
 Click QR to Register

**Small Boat**  
**Two Day Adult Beginner Sailing Classes**  
**July 8-9 or July 22-23**  
**\$199.**  
**9am-4pm**

  
 Click QR to Register

**More Information: Harbormaster 209-951-5600 [www.stocktonsc.org](http://www.stocktonsc.org)**  
*Stockton Sailing Club 4980 Buckley Cove Way Stockton Ca 95219*



**G**rab your friends and join us for our great 2023 summer Learn to Sail program.

Please register early as classes fill quickly. No experience required.

Boys and Girls ages 8-18 will be sailing their own sailboat.

Our head coach will show you how easy it is to "Learn to Sail".

Boys and Girls do equally well in this sport.

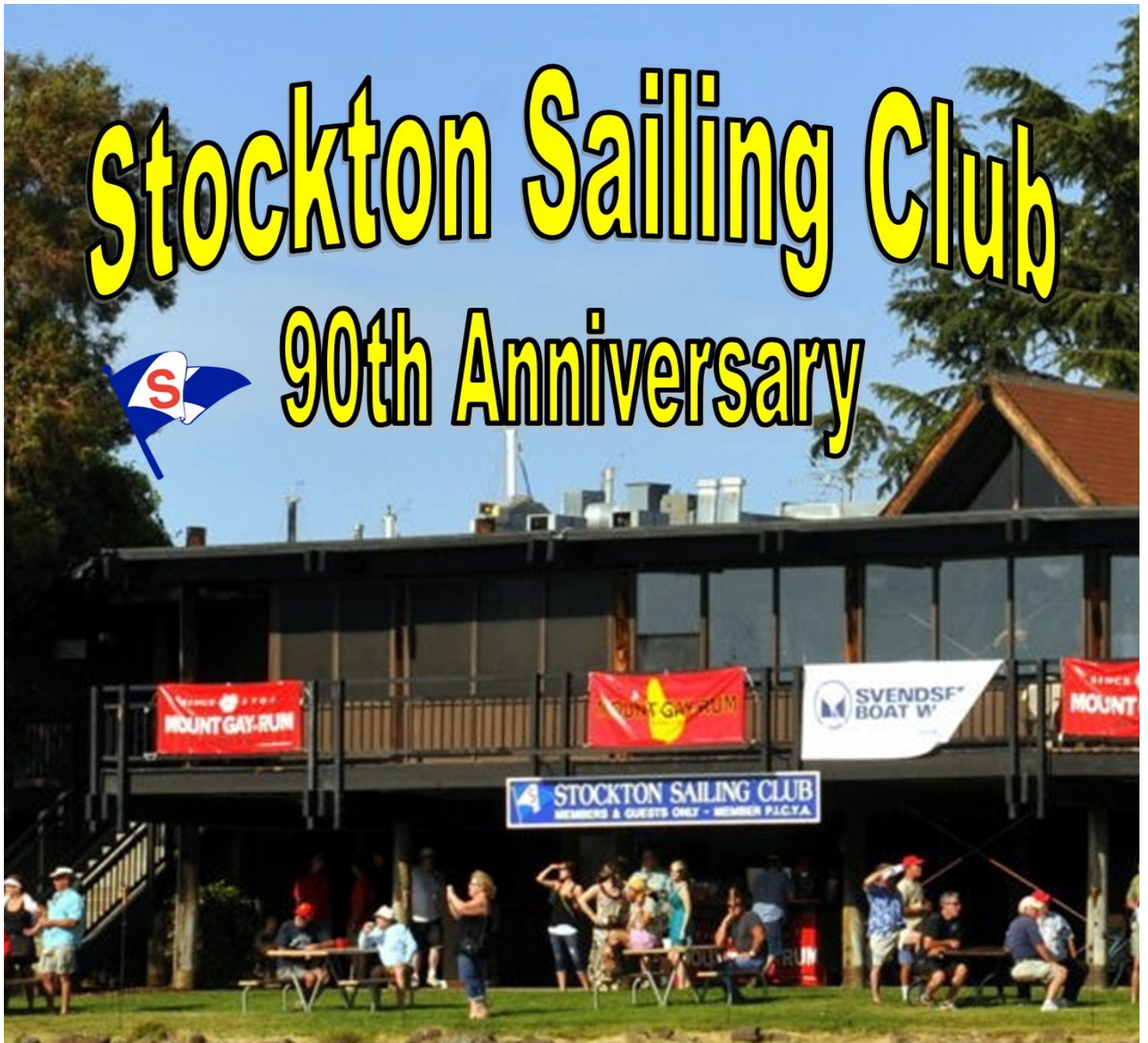


**Morning or afternoon classes, running 8:15am to 12noon or 1:00pm to 4:45pm, Monday through Friday**  
**\$99**  
**Starting Mondays June 5, June 12, June 19, June 26, July 10, July 17, July 24, and July 31**

Partial scholarships available on an expressed need supported by a grant from the Stockton Sailing Foundation



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### 90th Anniversary Special Events

April 22 Opening Day / June 3rd Delta Ditch Run / July 22 Antique Classic Boat Show

August 12 Hot Summer Nights / December 2 Lighted Boat Parade

Stockton Sailing Club 4980 Buckley Cove Way Stockton Ca 95219

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Stockton Sailing Club

DOCKTALK

March-April 2023

**Stockton Sailing Club**  
4980 Buckley Cove  
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